

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR OF VENICE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

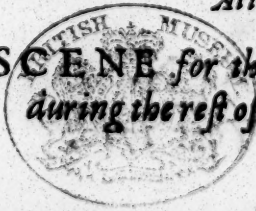
MEN.

Duke of Venice,
Brabantio, *a noble Venetian.*
Gratiano, *Brother to Brabantio.*
Lodovico, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*
Othello, *the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.*
Cassio, *his Lieutenant General.*
Jago, *Standard-bearer to Othello.*
Rodorigo, *a foolish Gentleman, in Love with Desdemona.*
Montano, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*
Clown, *Servant to the Moor.*
Herald.

WOMEN.

Desdemona, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *Wife to Jago.*
Bianca, *a Curtezian, Mistress to Cassio.*
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE for the First Act in Venice;
during the rest of the Play in Cyprus.





O T H E L L O,

T H E

MOOR OF VENICE.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE, *Venice.*

Enter Rodorigo and Jago.

Rodorigo.

Never tell me, I take it very unkindly,
That thou, *Jago*, who hast had my
Purse,
As if the Strings were thine, shouldst
know of this.

Jago. But you'll not hear me.

Never I did dream of such a Matter, abhor me.

A 2

Rod.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me

If I do not. Three great ones of the City,
In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,
Oft' Cap't to him: And by the faith of Man
I know my Price, I am worth no worse a Place.
But he, as loving his own Pride and Purposes,
Evades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with Epithets of War;
Non-suits my Mediators; for certes, says he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,
One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
A Fellow almost damn'd in a fair Wife;
That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the division of a Battel knows
More than a Spinster, unless the bookish Theorick,
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his Soldiership. But he, Sir, had th' Election:
And I, of whom his Eyes had seen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other Grounds
Christian, and Heathen, must be be-lee'd, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his Lieutenant be,
And I, Sir, blest the mark, his Moor ship's Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his Hangman.

Iago. Why there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of Service;

Preferment goes by Letter, and Affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be Judge your self
Whether I in any just term am Affin'd
To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago.

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Jago. O, Sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be Masters; nor all Masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a dutious and knee-crooking Knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious Bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his Master's Ass,
For nought but Provender; and when he's old,
Casseer'd,
Whip me such honest Knaves. Others there are
Who trimm'd in Forms and Visages of Duty,
Keep yet their Hearts attending on themselves;
And throwing but shows of Service on their Lords,
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd
their Coats,
Do themselves Homage. These Fellows have some
Soul,

And such a one do I profess my self. For, Sir,
It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Jago*:
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heav'n is my Judge, not I, for Love and Duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native Act and Figure of my Heart
In Complement extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my Heart upon my Sleeve,
For Daws to peck at; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full Fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Jago. Call up her Father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his Delight.
Proclaim him in the Streets, incense her Kinmen.
And tho' he in a fertile Climate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: Tho' that his Joy be Joy,
Yet throw such Chances of Vexation on't,
As it may lose some Colour.

A 3

Rod.

Rod. Here is her Father's House, I'll call aloud.

Jago. Do, with like timorous Accent, and dire yell,

As when, by Night and Negligence, the Fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho! *Brabantio*! Signior *Brabantio*! ho!

Jago. Awake! What ho! *Brabantio*! Thieves,
Thieves!

Look to your House, your Daughter, and your Bags;
Thieves! Thieves!

Enter Brabantio above.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible Summons?
What is the Matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your Family within?

Jago. Are your Doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Jago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame put on your
Gown,

Your Heart is burst, you have lost half your Soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black Ram
Is Tugging your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Devil will make a Grandfire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your Wits?

Rod. Most Reverend Signior, do you know my
Voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My Name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worser welcome;

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my Doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,

My Daughter is not for thee. And now in Madness
Being

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 7

Being full of Supper, and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious Knavery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My Spirits and my Place have in their Power
To make this bitter to thee,

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing? This is
Venice: My House is not a Grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure Soul, I come to you.

Jago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve
God, if the Devil bid you. Because we come to do
you Service, and you think we are Russians, you'll
have your Daughter cover'd with a Barbary Horse,
you'll have your Nephews neigh to you, you'll have
Coursers for Cousins, and Gennets for *Germans*.

Bra. What profane Wretch art thou?

Jago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your
Daughter and the Moor are making the Beast with
two Backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain.

Jago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee,

Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
you,

If it be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair Daughter,
At this odd Even and dull Watch o'th' Night,
Transported with no worse or better guard,
But with a Knave of common hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy Wrongs.

But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
 We have your wrong Rebuke. Do not believe
 That from the sense of all Civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
 Your Daughter, if you have not given her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross Revolt;
 Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit, and Fortunes
 In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
 Of here and every where; straight satisfie your self.
 If she be in your Chamber, or your House,
 Let loose on me the Justice of the State
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, ho!
 Give me a Taper... call up all my People...
 This Accident is not unlike my Dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already.
 Light, I say, light?

Jago. Farewel; for I must leave you.
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place
 To be produc'd, as if I stay, I shall,
 Against the Moor. For I do know the State,
 However this may gall him with some check,
 Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the *Cyprus Wars*,
 Which even now stands in Act, that for their Souls,
 Another of his fadom, they have none,
 To lead their Business. In which regard,
 Tho' I do hate him as I do Hell's Pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present Life,
 I must shew out a Flag, and sign of Love,
 Which is indeed but sign: that you shall surely
 find him;

Lead to the Sagittary the raised Search;
 And there will I be with him. So farewel. [Exit.

Enter

Enter

Bra.
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Rod.
Bra.
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 Father
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Rod.
Bra.

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Rod.
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Bra.
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THE MOOR OF VENICE.

*Enter Brabantio in his Night-gown, with Servants
and Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an Evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her? Oh unhappy Girl!...
With the Moor saist thou? Who would be a Father?
How didst thou know 'twas she! Oh she deceives me
Past thought... what said she to you? Get more
Tapers...

Raise all my Kindred... Are they Married, think
you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh Heav'n! How got she out?

Oh Treason of my Blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters Minds
By what you see them Act. Are there not Charms,
By which the property of Youth and Maidhood
Maybe abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brothers; oh would you had
had her!

Some one way, some another... Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every House I'll call,
I may command at most. Get Weapons, ho!
And raise some special Officers of might.

On, good *Rodorigo*, I will deserve your Pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

The Street.

*Enter Othello, Jago, and Attendants,
with Torches.*

Jago.

THo' in the Trade of War I have slain Men,
Yet do I hold it very stuf'f o'th' Conscience
To do no contriv'd Murder : I take iniquity
Sometime to do me Service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yer'k'd him here under the Ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Jago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking Terms
Against your Honour, that with the little Godliness
I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, Sir,
Are you fast Married ? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a Voice potential
As double as the Duke's : He will divorce you.
Or put upon you, what Restraint or Grievance,
The Law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight :

My Services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my Life and Being,
From Men of Royal Siege ; and my Demerits
May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Jago*,

But

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But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free Condition
Put into Circumscription and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But look ! What Lights come
yond ?

Enter Cassio with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father ; and his Friends :
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I ; I must be found.

My Parts , my Title , and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By *Janus* , I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant:
The Goodness of the Night upon you , Friends ,
What is the News ?

Cas. The Duke does greet you , General ,
And he requires your haste , post-haste appearance ,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter , think you ?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus* , as I may divine :
It is a Business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very Night , at one anothers Heels :
And many of the Consuls , rais'd and met ,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly
call'd for ,

When being not at your Lodging to be found ,
The Senate hath sent about three several Quests ,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you :

I will but spend a word here in the House ,
And go with you.

[*Ex. Othello.*]

Cas. Ancient , what makes he here ?

Iago. Faith , he to Night hath boarded a Land
Carrac ,

If

If it prove lawful Prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Jago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Jago. Marry to... Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another Troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Jago. It is *Brabantio*; General be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! Stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, Thief.

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Jago. You *Rodorigo*! Come, Sir, I am for you...

Oth. Keep up your bright Swords, for the Dew
will rust 'em.

Good Signior, you shall more command with Years,
Than with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foul Thief! Where hast thou
stow'd my Daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of Sense,
If she in Chains of Magick were not bound,
Whether a Maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled Darlings of our Nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her Guardage to the sooty Bosom,
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the World, if 'tis not gross in Sense,

That

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul Charms ;
Abus'd her delicate Youth , with Drugs or Minerals,
That weaken Motion. I'll have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking ;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee ,
For an abuser of the World , a practicer
Of Arts inhibited , and out of Warrant ;
Lay hold upon him , if he do resist
Subdue him at his peril.

Osk. Hold your Hands,
Both you of my inclining , and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight , I should have known it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I go
To answer this your Charge ?

Bra. To Prison , 'til fit time
Of Law , and Course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Oib. What if I do obey ?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied ,
Whose Messengers are here about my side ,
Upon some present Business of the State ,
To bring me to him ?

Offi. 'Tis true , most worthy Signior ,
The Duke's in Council , and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How ! The Duke in Council ?
In this time of the Night ? Bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himself ,
Or any of my Brothers of the State ,
Cannot but feel this wrong , as 'twere their own :
For if such Actions may have Passage free ,
Bond-slaves and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

OTHELLO,
SCENE III.

The Senate House.

Entre Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke.

There is no Composition in this News,
That gives them Credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred;

But though they jump not on a just Account,
As in these cases where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the main Article I do approve,
In fearful Sense.

Saylor within.] What hoa! What hoa! What hoa!

Enter Saylor.

Off. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now! ... What's the Business?

Sail. The *Turkish* Preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How say you by this Change?

1 Sen. This cannot be

By no assay of Reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keep us in false Gaze; when we consider

Th'im-

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Th'importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile Question bear it;
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an Attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a Danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all Confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.
Offi. Here is more News.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, Reverend, and gracious,
Steering with due Course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after Fleet...

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

Mes. Of thirty Sail; and now they do re stem
This backward Course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,
With his free Dury, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:

Marcus Luccicos, is he not in Town?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Moor.

Enter

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Jago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ
you,

Against the general Enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior,
We lackt your Counsel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours; Good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of Business,
Hath rais'd me from my Bed; nor doth the general
care

Take hold on me. For my particular Grief
Is of so Flood-gate, and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts, and swallows other Sorrows,
And yet is still it self.

Duke. Why, What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter! oh my Daughter!...

Sen. Dead!

Bra. Ay, to me.

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By Spells and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of Sense,
Sans Witchcraft could not...

Duke. Who e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her self,
And you of her; the bloody Book of Law,
You shall your self read in the bitter Letter,
After your own Sense; yea, though our proper So
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the Man; this Moor, *whom now it seems
Your special Mandate, for the State Affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are verry sorry for't.

Duke.

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Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Orb. Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble, and approv'd good Masters;
That I have ta'en away this old Man's Daughter,
It is most true; true I have married her;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft Phrase of Peace;
For since these Arms of mine had Seven Years Pith,
'Till now, some nine Moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest Action, in the tented Field;
And little of this great World can I speak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battel;
And therefore little shall I grace my Cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, by your gracious
Patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of Love. What Drugs, what
Charms,

What Conjurat[i]on, and what mighty Magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his Daughter with.

Bra. A Maiden, never bold;
Of Spirit so still and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her self; and she, in spite of Nature,
Of Years, of Country, Credit, every thing,
To fall in Love with what she fear'd to look on...!
It is a Judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess Perfection so could err,
Against all Rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out Practices of cunning Hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some Mixtures powerful o'er the Blood,
Or with some Dram, conjur'd to this Effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no Proof,

B

Without

Without more wider, and more over Test
Than these thin habits, and poor likelyhoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, *Othello*, speak,

Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young Maid's Affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question,
As Soul to Soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her Father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my Life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the
Place. [Exit Jago.]

And 'till she come, as truly as to Heav'n
I do confess the Vices of my Blood,
So justly to your grave Ears, I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair Lady's Love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the Story of my Life,
From Year to Year; the Battels, Sieges, Fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my boyish Days,
To th' very Moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous Chances,
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly Breach,
Of being taken by the insolent Foe,
And sold to Slavery; of my Redemption thence,
And Portance in my Travels History;
Wherein of Antars vaste, and Desarts wilde,

Rough

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Rough Quarries, Rocks and Hills whose Heads
touch Heaven,

It was my hint to speak: such was my Process;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and Men whose Heads
Did grow beneath their Shoulders. These to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
But still the House-affairs would draw her hence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy Ear
Devour up my Discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a Prayer of earnest Heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by Parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her Tears,
When I did speak of some distressful Stroke,
That my Youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my Pains a world of Kisses;
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange,

'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful...

She wish'd she had not heard it, ... yet she wish'd
That Heav'n had made her such a Man ... she thank'd
me;

And bad me, if I had a Friend that lov'd her,
Should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the Dangers I have past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Jago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this Tale would win my Daughter
too.

B 2

Good

Good *Brabantio* , take up this mangled matter at
the best ;

Men do their broken Weapons rather use ,
Than their bare Hands .

Bra. I pray you hear her speak ;
If she confess that she was half the Wooer ,
Destruction on my Head , if my bad blame
Light on the Man . Come hither , gentle Mistress ;
Do you perceive , in all this noble Company ,
Where most you owe Obedience ?

Des. My noble Father ;
I do perceive here a divided Duty ,
To you I am bound for Life , and Education :
My Life and Education both do learn me ,
How to respect you . You are the Lord of Duty ,
I am hitherto your Daughter . But here's my Husband ,
And so much Duty , as my Mother shew'd
To you , preferring you before her Father :
So much I challenge , that I may profess
Due to the Moor , my Lord .

Bra. God be with you : I have done .
Please it your Grace , on to the State Affairs .
I had rather to adopt a Child than get it .
Come hither , Moor .

I here do give thee that with all my Heart ,
Which , but thou hast already , with all my Heart ,
I would keep from thee . For your sake , Jewel ,
I am glad at Soul , I have no other Child ;
For thy escape would teach me Tyranny
To hang clogs on them . I have done , my Lord .

Duke. Let me speak like your self ; and lay
Sentence ,
Which , like a grise , or step , may help these Lovers
When Remedies are past , the Grievs are ended
By seeing the worst , which late on hopes depended
To mourn a Mischief that is past and gone ,
Is the next way to draw new Mischief on .

Wh

What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
 Patience her Injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the
 Thief,

He robs himself that spends a bootless Grief.

Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
 We lose it not so long as we can smile;
 He bears the Sentence well, that nothing bears,
 But the free Comfort which from thence he hears.
 But he hears both the Sentence, and the Sorrow,
 That to pay Grief, must of poor Patience borrow.
 These Sentences to Sugar, or to Gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
 But words are words; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruiz'd Heart was pierced through the Ear.
 I Humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of State.

Duke. The *Turk*, with a most mighty preparation,
 makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place
 is best known to you. And though we have there a
 Substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet Opinion,
 a more Sovereign Mistress of Effects, throws a more
 safe Voice on you; you must therefore be content to
 stubber the gross of your new Fortunes, with this
 more stubborn, and boisterous Expedition.

Oth. The Tyrant Custom, most grave Senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel Coach of War
 My thrice-driven bed of Down. I do agnize
 A natural and prompt Alacrity,
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 This present War against the *Ottomites*.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
 I crave fit Disposition for my Wife,
 Due Reverence of Place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her Father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Orb. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his Eye. Most gracious Duke;
To my unfolding lend your prosperous Ear,
And let me find a Character in your Voice
T'assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right Violence, and storm of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the World. My Heart's subdu'd
Even to the very Quality of my Lord;
I saw *Orbello's* Visage in his Mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant Parts,
Did I my Soul and Fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the War,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear Absence. Let me go with him.

Orb. Your Voices, Lords; beseech you, let her
Will

Have a free way.

Vouch with me Heav'n, I therefore beg it not
To please the Palate of my Appetite;
Nor to comply with Heat the young effects
In my defunct, and proper Satisfaction;
But to be free, and bounteous to her Mind.
And Heav'n defend your good Souls, that you think
I will your serious and great Business scant
When she is with me. . . No, when light wing'd Toys
Of Feather'd Cupid, seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd Instrument,
That my Disports corrupt and taint my Business;
Let Housewives make a Skill of my Helm,
And all indign and base Adversities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duke.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going; th'Affair cries haste;
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to Night.

Oth. With all my Heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' Morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some Officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import to you.

Oth. So please your Grace, my Ancient;
A Man he is of honesty and trust,
To his Conveyance I assign my Wife.
With what else needful, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;
Good Night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Virtue no delighted Beauty lack,
Your Son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast Eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. [*Exit.*]

Oth. My Life upon her faith. Honest *Jago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
I prethee let thy Wife attend on her,
And bring them after in their best Advantage.
Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an Hour
Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [*Exit.*]

Rod. Jago.

Jago. What sayest thou, noble Heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Jago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Jago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly Gentleman?

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a
torment;

torment; and then have we a prescription to dye, when Death is our Physician.

Jago. Oh villanous! I have look'd upon the World for four times seven Years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a Benefit and an Injury, I never found Man that knew how to love himself. E'er I would say, I would drown my self for the love of a *Guiney-Hen*, I would change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I do, I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Jago. Virtue! a Fig, 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Hyssop, and weed up Time; supply it with one gender of Herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with Idleness, or manured with Industry, why the Power and corrigible Authority of this lyes in our Wills. If the Ballance of our Lives had not one scale of Reason to poise another of Sensualiry, the blood and baseness of our Natures would conduct us to most preposterous Conclusions. But we have Reason, to cool our raging Motions, our carnal Stings, our unbitted Lusts; whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Sycn.

Rod. It cannot be.

Jago. It is meerly a Lust of the Blood, and a Permission of the Will. Come, be a Man: Drown thy self? drown Cats and blind Puppies. I have profest me thy Friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving, with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better steed thee than now. Put Money in thy Purse; follow thou these Wars, defeat thy Favour, with an usurped Beard; I say, put Money in thy Purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her Love to the Moor. Put Money in thy Purse ... nor he his to her. It was a violent Com-

mencement

mentement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, but put Mony in thy Purse. These Moors are changeable in their Wills; fill thy Purse with Mony. The Food that to him, now, is as luscious as Locusts, shall to him shortly be as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for Youth; when she is sated with his Body, she will find the Errors of her Choice. Therefore put Mony in thy Purse. If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the Mony thou canst. If Sanctimony and a frail Vow berwixt an erring *Barbarian* and super-subtle *Venetian* be not too hard for my Wits, and all the Tribe of Hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make Money. A pox of drowning thy self, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy Joy, than to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the Issue?

Jago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Mony. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My Cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a Pleasure, me a Sport. There are many Events in the womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy Mony. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' Morning?

Jago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Jago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I'll sell all my Land. [Exit.]

Jago. Thus do I ever make my Fool my Purse;
For I mine own gain'd Knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a Swain,
But for my Sport and Profit: I hate the Moor,

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my Sheers
 He has done my Office. I know not if 't be true...
 But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well...
 The better shall my Purpose work on him:
Cassio's a proper Man: Let me see now,
 To get this place, and to plume up my Will
 In double Knavery... How? How?... Let's see...
 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* Ears,
 That he is too familiar with his Wife...
 He hath a Person, and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected; fram'd to make Women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open Nature,
 That thinks Men honest, that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by th' Nose
 As Asses are.
 I have't... it is engendred... Hell and Night
 Must bring this monstrous Birth to the World's light.



A C T I I.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Capital City
of Cyprus.*

Enter Montano, and Gentleman.

Montano.

W^Hat from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought
 Flood;

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 27

I cannot 'twixt the Heaven and the Main,
Desery a Sail.

Mont. Methinks the Wind hath spoke aloud at
Land,

A fuller blast ne'er shook our Battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the Sea,
What Ribs of Oak, when Mountains melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A Segregation of the *Turkish* Fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming Shore,
The children Billow seems to pelt the Clouds,
The wind-shak'd Surge, with high and monstrous
Main,

Seems to cast Water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of th'ever fixed Pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enchas'd Flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* Fleet,
Be not in shelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, Lads; our Wars are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A noble Ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mont. How! Is this true?

3 *Gent.* The Ship is put in, a *Veroneffo*, *Michael*
Cassio

Lieutenant of the Warlike Moor, *Othello*,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I am glad on't; 'Tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of
Comfort,

Tou-

Touching the *Turkish* Loss, yet he looks sadly;
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent Tempest.

Mont. Pray Heav'ns he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the Man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side, ho,
As well to see the Vessel that comes in,
As to throw out our Eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even 'till we make the Main and th' Erial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every Minute is expectancy
Of more Arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moor: Oh let the Heav'ns
Give him Defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His Bark is stoutly timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to Death,
Stand in bold Cure.

Within.] A Sail, a Sail, a Sail.

Cas. What Noise?

Gent. The Town is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie;
Our Friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Gent. I shall.

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General
wiv'd?

Cas.

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

29

Cas. Most fortunately , he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That paragons description , and wild Fame :
One that excels the Quirks of blazoning Pens ,
And in th'essential Vesture of Creation ,
Do's bear an Excellency...

Enter Gentleman.

How now ? Who has put in ?

Gent. 'Tis one *Jago* , Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed ;
Tempests themselves, high Seas , and howling Winds ,
The gutter'd Rocks , and congregated Sands ,
Traitors ensteep'd , to clog the guiltless Keel ,
As having Sense of Beauty do omit
Their mortal Natures , letting go safely by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captain's
Captain ;

Left in the Conduct of the bold *Jago* ,
Whose Footing here anticipates our thoughts ,
A Sennight's speed Great *Jove* , *Othello* guard ,
And swell his Sail with thine own powerful Breath ;
That he may bless this Bay with his tall Ship ,
Make loves quick pants in *Desdemona*'s Arms ,
Give renew'd Fire to our extinguish'd Spirits ,
And give all *Cyprus* comfort...

Enter Desdemona, Jago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

Oh behold !

The Riches of the Ship is come on shore :
You Men of *Cyprus* , let her have your Knees.
Hail to thee , Lady ! And the grace of Heav'n ,
Before , behind thee , and on every Hand
Enwheel thee round.

Des.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*:
What Tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. Oh but I fear... how lost you Company?

Cas. The great Contention of the Sea and Skies
Parted our Fellowship. But hark, a Sail!

Within.] A Sail, a Sail.

Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadel:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cas. See for the News:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, Mistrefs.
[To *Æmilia*.

Let it not gall your Patience, good *Jago*,
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my Breeding
That gives me this bold shew of Courtesie.

Jago. Sir, would she give you so much of her Lips,
As of her Tongue she oft bestows on me,
You would have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no Speech.

Jago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry before your Ladiship, I grant,
She puts her Tongue a little in her Heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Jago. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out
of Doors,
Bells in your Parlors, Wild-Cats in your Kitchens,
Saints in your Injuries, Devils being offended,
Players in your Huswifery, and Huswiyes in your
Beds.

Des. Oh, fie upon thee, Slanderer.

Jago. Nay, it is true; or else I am a *Turk*,
You rise to play, and go to Bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Jago. No, let me not.

Des.

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Des. What wouldst write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Jago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Critical.

Des. Come on, assay. There's one gone to the Harbour...

Jago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Jago. I am about it; but indeed my Invention
comes from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze,
it plucks out Brains and all. But my Muse labours,
and thus she is delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?

Jago. *If she be black, and thereto have a Wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Jago. *She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her Folly helpt her to an Heir.*

Des. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fools
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable Praise hast
thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Jago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul Pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. Oh heavy Ignorance! Thou praisest the
worst

worst best. But what Praise could thou bestow on a deserving Woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her Merit, did justly put on the vouch of very Malice it self.

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may:
She that being anger'd, her Revenge being nigh,
Had her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in Wisdom never was so frail
To change the Cod's Head for the Salmon's Tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her Mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a Wight, (if ever such Wights were,)

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle Fools, and Chronicle small Beer.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent Conclusion. Do not learn of him, *Emilia*, tho' he be thy Husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and liberal Counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam, you may relish him more in the Soldier, than in the Scholar.

Iago. *Aside.*] He takes her by the Palm; ay, well said... whisper... With as little a Web as this, will I ensnare as great a Fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do... I will gyve thee in thine own Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed... If such Tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three Fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good... well kiss'd, and excellent Curtesie... 'tis so indeed... Yet again... your Fingers to your Lips?
Would

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

33

Would they were Clister-pipes for your sake.

[*Trumpet.*]

The Moor, I know his Trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair Warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello*.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my Content,
To see you here before me. Oh my Soul's Joy!
If after every Tempest come such Calms,
May the Winds blow, 'till they have waken'd Death:
And let the labouring Bark climb Hills of Seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My Soul hath her Content so absolute,
That not another Comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Des. The Heav'ns forbid,
But that our Loves and Comforts should increase,
Even as our Days do grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers!
I cannot speak enough of this Content,
It stops me here: It is too much of Joy,
And this and this the greatest Discords be [*Kissing her.*]
That e'er our Hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now; but I'll set
down the Pegs that make this Musick, as honest as
I am. [*Aside.*]

Oth. Come, let us to the Castle.
News, Friends, our Wars are done; the *Turks* are
drown'd.

How does my old Acquaintance of this Isle?

C

Honey,

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*;
 I have found great Love amongst them. O my Sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own Comforts. I prethee, good *Jago*,
 Go to the Bay, and disembark my Coffers?
 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadel,
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Jago. Do you meet me presently at the Harbour.
 Come thither, if thou be'st valiant (as they say, base
 Men being in Love, have then a Nobility in their
 Natures, more than is native to them)... list me; the
 Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard.
 First, I must tell thee this; *Desdemona* is directly in
 Love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Jago. Lay thy Fingers thus; and let thy Soul be
 instructed. Mark me with what Violence she lov'd
 the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
 Lies. To love him still for prating, let not thy
 discreet Heart think it. Her Eye must be fed. And
 what Delight shall she have to look on the Devil?
 When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport,
 there should be a game to inflame it, and to give
 satiety a fresh Appetite; Loveliness in favour, Sym-
 pathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties: All which
 the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these re-
 quir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderness will
 find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish
 and abhor the Moor; very Nature will instruct her in
 it, and compel her to some second choice. Now
 Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and
 unforc'd Position) who stands so eminent in the degree
 of this Fortune, as *Cassio* does: A Knave very voluble
 no further Conscionable, than in putting on the mee-

form

form of Civil and Human seeming, for the better compass of his Salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none. A slippery and subtle Knave, a finder of Occasions; that has an Eye can stamp and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never present it self. A Devilish Knave! besides, the Knave is handsom, young, and hath all those Requisites in him, that folly and green Minds look after. A pestilent compleat Knave! and the Woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most bless'd Condition.

Jago. Bless'd Figs end. The Wine she drinks is made of Grapes. If she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his Hand? Didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but Courtesie.

Jago. Letchery by this Hand: An Index, and obscure Prologue to the History of Lust, and foul Thoughts. They met so near with their Lips, that their Breathseembrac'd together. Villanous Thoughts, *Roderigo*, when these Mutabilities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and main exercise, th' incorporate Conclusion: Pish... But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to night; for the Command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not; I'll not be far from you. Do you find some Occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his Discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Jago. Sir, he's Rash, and very sudden in Choler: and happily may strike at you, provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of *Cyprus* mutiny. Whose Qualification shall come into no

true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your Desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them. And the Impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our Prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any Opportunity.

Jago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Cittadel. I must fetch his Necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit]

Jago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe't: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great Credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble Nature, And I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*, A most dear Husband. Now I do love her too, Not out of absolute Lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a Sin, But partly led to diet my Revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leapt into my Seat. The Thoughts whereof, Doth, like a poisonous Mineral, gnaw my Inwards And nothing can, or shall content my Soul 'Till I am even'd with him, Wife for Wife: Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor, At least into a Jealousie so strong, That Judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor Trash of *Venice*, whom I trace For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip, Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb, (For I fear *Cassio* with my Night Cap too) Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me For making him egregiously an Ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness. 'Tis here . . . but yet confus'd, Knaveries plain Face, is never seen, 'till us'd. [Exit]

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Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant General; that upon certain Tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer Perdition of the *Turkish* Fleet, every Man put himself into triumph. Some to dance, some to make Bonafires, each Man to what Sport and Revels his addiction leads him. For besides these beneficial News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty of Feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the Bell have roll'd eleven.

Bless the Isle of *Cyprus*, and our Noble General *Othello*.
[*Exit.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the Guard to night. Let's teach our selves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport Discretion.

Cas. *Jago* hath direction what to do. But notwithstanding with my personal Eye, Will I look to't.

Oth. *Jago* is most honest:
Michael, good Night. To Morrow with your earliest, Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear Love, The Purchase made, the Fruits are to ensue, That Profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good Night.
[*Exit.*

Enter Jago.

Cas. *Jago*; we must to the Watch.

Jago. Not this hour, Lieutenant: 'Tis not yet ten o' the Clock. Our General cast us thus early for the
C 3 love

love of his *Desdemona*: Whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the Night with her: And she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Jago. And I'll warrant her full of Game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate Creature.

Jago. What an Eye she has?

Methinks it sounds a Parley to Provocation.

Cas. An inviting Eye;

And yet methinks right modest.

Jago. And when she speaks,

Is it not an Alarum to Love?

Cas. She is indeed Perfection.

Jago. Well, Happiness to their Sheets: Come, Lieutenant I have a stoop of Wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would fain have a measure to the Health of black *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Jago*: I have very poor and unhappy Brains for drinking. I could well wish Courtesie would invent some other custom of Entertainment.

Jago. Oh, they are our Friends: But one Cup I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: And behold what Innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the Infirmary, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Jago. What, Man? 'tis a Night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Jago. Here, at the Door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Jago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to night already, He'll be as full of Quarrel, and Offence,

As my young Mistress's Dog.
 Now, my sick Fool, *Roderigo*,
 Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
 To *Desdemona* hath to night carouz'd,
 Potations, pottle-deep; and he's to watch.
 Three else of *Cyprus*, Noble swelling Spirits,
 That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
 The very Elements of this warlike Isle,
 Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
 And they watch too. Now 'mongst this flock of
 Drunkards,
 Am I to put our *Cassio* in some Action
 That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approve my Dream,
 My Boat sails freely, both with Wind and Stream.

Cas. 'Fore Heav'n, they have given me a rowse
 already.

Mon. Good faith a little one: Not past a Pint, as
 I am a Soldier.

Jago. Some Wine ho! [*Jago sings.*

And let me the Cannakin clink, clink,

And let me the Cannakin clink;

A Soldier's a Man; Oh, Man's Life's but a Span,
Why then let a Soldier drink.

Some Wine, Boys.

Cas. 'Fore Heav'n, an excellent Song.

Jago. I learn'd it in *England*: Where indeed they
 are most potent in Potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*,
 and your swag-belly'd *Hollander*, . . . drink ho . . . are
 nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Jago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your
Dane

Dane dead Drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a Vomit, e'er the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the Health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant: And I'll do you Justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England*.

*King Stephen was and a worthy Peer,
His Breeches cost him but a Crown,
He held them six Pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the Tailor Lown:
He was a Wight of high Renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country down,
And take thy awld Clout about thee.*

Some Wine ho.

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite Song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place, that does those things. Well... Heav'n's above all; and there be Souls must be saved, and there be Souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offense to the General, nor any Man of Quality; I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, Lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our Affairs. Forgive our Sins... Gentlemen, I am Drunk: This is my Ancient, this is my right Hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 41

Cas. Why very well then ; you must not think then , that I am drunk.

Mon. To the Platform, Masters , come , let's see the Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow that is gone before ,
He is a Soldier , fit to stand by *Cesar* ,
And give direction. And do but see his Vice.
'Tis to his Virtues a just Equinox ,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him ;
I fear the Trust *Orbello* puts him in ,
On some odd time of his Infirmary ,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iago. 'Tis evermore his Prologue to his Sleep.
He'll watch the Horologue a double Set ,
If drink rock not his Cradle.

Mon. It were well
The General were put in mind of it :
Perhaps he sees it not , or his good Nature
Prizes the Virtue that appears in *Cassio* ,
And looks not on his Evils : Is not this true ?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now , *Rodorigo* !
I pray you after the Lieutenant , go.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the Noble Moor
Should hazard such a place , as his own Second ,
With one of an ingraft Infirmary ;
It were an honest Action , to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I , for this fair Island ;
I do love *Cassio* well , and would do much
To cure him of this Evil. But hark , what Noise !

C 3

Enter

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue ! You Rascal !...

Mont. What's the Matter , Lieutenant ?

Cas. A Knave teach me my Duty ? I'll beat the Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.

Rod. Beat me...

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue ?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your Hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the Mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk?... [*They fight.*

Jago. Away I say, go out and cry a Mutiny.
[*Exit Rodorigo.*

Nay, good Lieutenant... Alas, Gentlemen...

Help ho !... Lieutenant... Sir *Montano*...

Help Masters ! Here's a goodly Watch indeed..

Who's that which rings the Bell... Diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*

The Town will rise. Fie, fie, Lieutenant !

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' Death.

Oth. Hold for your Lives.

Jago. Hold ho ! Lieutenant... Sir... *Montano*...
Gentlemen...

Have you forgot all place of Sense and Duty ?

Hold. The General speaks to you... hold for shame...

Oth. Why how now ho ? From whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd *Turks* ? And to our selves do that

With

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

43

Which Heav'n hath forbid the *Ottomites*.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawl.

He that stirs next to carve for his own Rage,

Holds his Soul light : He dies upon his Motion.

Silence that dreadful Bell ; it frights the Isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters ?

Honest *Jago*, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak : Who began this ? On thy Love I charge thee ?

Jago. I do not know ; Friends all , but now ,
even now

In Quarter , and in terms like Bride and Groom

Devesting them for Bed ; and then , but now . . .

As if some Planet had unwitting Men ,

Sword out , and tilting one at other's Breasts ,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds.

And would in Action glorious , I had lost

Those Legs that brought me to a part of it.

Orb. How comes it , *Michael* , you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you pardon me , I cannot speak.

Orb. Worthy *Montano* , you were wont to be civil :

The gravity and stillness of your Youth ,

The World hath noted. And your Name is great

In Mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter ,

That you unlace your Reputation thus ,

And spend your rich Opinion , for the Name

Of a Night-brawler ? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Orbello* , I am hurt to Danger ;

Your Officer , *Jago* , can inform you ,

While I spare Speech , which something now offends
me.

Of all that I do know , nor know I ought ,

By me that's said or done amiss this Night ,

Unless Self charity be sometimes a Vice ,

And to defend our selves it be a Sin ,

When Violence assails us.

Orb. Now , by Heav'n ,

My

My Blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
 And Passion, having my best Judgment choler'd,
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this Arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my Rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul Rout began? Who set it on?
 And he that is approv'd in this Offence,
 Tho' he had twin'd with me, both at a Birth,
 Shall loose me. What in a Town of War,
 Yet wild, the Peoples Hearts brim full of fear,
 To manage private and domestick Quarrel?
 In Night, and on the Court and Guard of safety?
 'Tis monstrous. *Jago*, who began't?

Mon If partially affin'd, or league in Office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than Truth,
 Thou art no Soldier.

Jago. Touch me not so near;
 I had rather have this Tongue cut from my Mouth,
 Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*.
 Yet I perswade my self, to speak so the Truth
 Shall nothing wrong him. This it is, General:
Montano and my self being in Speech,
 There comes a Fellow, crying out for help,
 And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword,
 To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman
 Steps into *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
 My self the crying Fellow did pursue,
 Lest by his Clamour, as it so fell out,
 The Town might fall in fright. He, swift of Foot,
 Out-ran my purpose: And I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink, and fall of Swords,
 And *Cassio*, high in Oath; which 'till to night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 For this was brief, I found them close together
 At blow, and thrust, even as again they were
 When you your self did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report,

But

But Men are Men ; the best sometimes forget ;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him ,
As Men in rage , strike those that with them best ,
Yet surely *Cassio* , I believe , receiv'd
From him that fled , some strange indignity ,
Which Patience could not pass.

Oth. I know , *Jago* ,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this Matter ,
Making it light to *Cassio* : *Cassio* , I love thee ,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up :
I'll make thee an Example.

Des. What's the matter , Dear ?

Oth. All's well , Sweeting ;

Come , away to Bed. Sir , for your hurts ,
My self will be your Surgeon. Lead him off :

Jago , look with care about the Town ,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come , *Desdemona* , 'tis the Soldiers Life ,
To have their balmy Slumbers wak'd with Strife.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Jago and Cassio.

Jago. What , are you hurt , Lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay , past all Surgery.

Jago. Marry , Heav'n forbid.

Cas. Reputation , Reputation , Reputation ! Oh
I have lost my Reputation ! I have lost the immortal
part of my self , and what remains is bestial. My
Reputation , *Jago* , my Reputation...

Jago. As I am an honest Man , I had thought you
had received some bodily wound ; there is more Sense
in that than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle
and

and most false Imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no Reputation at all, unless you repute your self such a loser. What Man... there are more ways to recover the General again. You are but now cast in his Mood, a punishment more in Policy, than in Malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless Dog to affright an imperious Lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an Officer. Drunk? And speak, Parrot? And squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian with ones own Shadow? O thou invisible Spirit of Wine! If thou hast no Name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Jago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Jago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a Mass of things, but nothing distinctly: A Quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that Men should put an Enemy in their Mouths, to steal away their Brains? That we should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform our selves into Beasts.

Jago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the Devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the Devil, Wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Jago. Come, you are too severe a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, and the Condition of this Country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befalln: But since it is, as it is, mend it for your own Good.

Cas.

Cas. I will ask him for my Place again? he shall tell me, I am a Drunkard? Had I as many Mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible Man, by and by a Fool, and presently a Beast: Oh strange! Every inordinate Cup is unblest'd, and the Ingredient is a Devil.

Jago. Come, come, good Wine is a good familiar Creature, if it be well us'd: Exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Jago. You, or any Man living, may be drunk at a time, Man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the Contemplation, mark, and Devotement of her Parts and Graces. Confess your self freely to her: Importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a Disposition, she holds it a Vice in her Goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken Joint between you and her Husband, intreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your Love, shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Jago. I protest in the sincerity of Love, and honest Kindness.

Cas. I think it freely: And betimes in the Morning, I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Jago. You are in the right: Good Night, Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good Night, honest *Jago*. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Jago. And what's he then, that says I play the Villain?

When

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
 Probable to thinking, and indeed the course
 To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie,
 Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
 In any honest Suit. She's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free Elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor, were't to renounce his Baptism,
 All Seals and Symbols of redeemed Sin,
 His Soul is so enfetters'd to her Love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her Appetite shall play the God
 With his weak Function. How am I then a Villain,
 To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of Hell;
 When Devils will their blackest Sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews,
 As I do now. For while this honest Fool
 Plies *Desdemona*, to repair his Fortune,
 And she for him, pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this Pestilence into his Ear,
 That she repeals him, for her Body's Lust,
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her Credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her Virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the Net,
 That shall enmesh them all.
 How now, *Roderigo*?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the Chace, not like a
 Hound that hunts, but one that fills up the Cry.
 My Mony is almost spent; I have been to night
 exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the Issue
 will be, I shall have so much Experience for my
 Pains; and so with no Mony at all, and a little more
 Wit, return again to *Venice*.

Jago.

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Iago. How poor are they that have not patience?
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by Wit, and not by Withcraft;
 And Wit depends on dilatory time:
 Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
 And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*:
 Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun,
 Yet Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe:
 Content thy self a while. In troth 'tis Morning;
 Pleasure and Action make the hours seem short.
 Retire thee; go where thou art Billeted:
 Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
 Two things are to be done;
 My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistress:
 I'll set her on my self a while, to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
 Solliciting his Wife: Ay, that's the way:
 Dull not Device, by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*



A C T I I I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

Cassio.

Masters, play here, I will content your Pains,
 Something that's brief; and bid good morrow,
 General.

Clown. Why, Masters, have your Instruments
 D been

been in *Naples*, that they speak i'th' Nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind Instruments

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a Tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a Tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But, Masters, here's Mony for you. And the General so likes your Musick, that he desires you for Loves Sake to make no Noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any Musick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear Musick the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your Pipes in your Bag, for I'll away. [*Ex. Mus.*]

Go, vanish into Air, away!

Cas. Dost thou hear me, mine honest Friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest Friend; hear you.

Cas. Prethee, keep up thy Quillets, there's poor piece of Gold for thee: If the Gentlewoman that attends the General's Wife be stirring, tell her there one *Cassio* entreats of her a little Favour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir, if she will stir hither I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit. Clown.*]

Cas. Do my good Friend.

Enter Jago.

In happy time, *Jago*.

Jago. You have not been abed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, *Jago*, to send in to your Wife; My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous *Desdemona*

Procu

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 31

Procure me some access.

Jago. I'll send her to you presently :
And I'll devise a Mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way , that your Converse and Business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow , good Lieutenant , I am
sorry

For your Displeasure ; but all will sure be well.
The General and his Wife are talking of it ;
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies ;
That he you hurt is of great Fame in *Cyprus* ,
And great Affinity ; and that in wholsom Wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves
you ,

And needs no other Suitor but his likings ,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet , I beseech you ,
If you think fit , or that it may be done ,
Give me Advantage of some brief Discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Emil. Pray , come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your Bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello , Jago , and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters give , *Jago* , to the Pilot ,
And by him do my Duties to the Senate.
That done , I will be walking on the Works ,
Repair there to me.

Jago. Well , my good Lord , I'll do't.

Oth. This Fortification, Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

An Apartment.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Desdemona.

BE thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my Abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do;

I warrant it grieves my Husband,
As if the Cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow; do not doubt,

Cassio,

But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Madam,

Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord.
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but Lady,

That Policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish Diet,
Or breed it self so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my Love and Service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee Warrant of thy place. Assure thee,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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If I do vow a Friendship, I'll perform it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of Patience;
His Bed shall seem a School, his Boord a Shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suit: Therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For thy Solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy Cause away.

Enter Othello, and Jago.

Emil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease.
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Jago. Hah? I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Jago. Nothing, my Lord; or if... I know not
what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my Wife?

Jago. *Cassio*, my Lord? No sure, I cannot think
it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my Lord?

I have been talking with a Suitor here,
A Man that languishes in your Displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest Face.

D 3

I

I prethee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his Grief with me
To suffer with him. Good Love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*, some other
time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the Captains at the Citadel.

Des. Why then to morrow night, on *Tuesday*
morn,

On *Tuesday* noon, or night; on *Wednesday* morn.

I prethee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three Days; in faith he's Penitent:

And yet his Trespas, in our common Reason,
Save that they say the Wars must make Example,

Out of their best, is not almost a Fault

T'incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my Soul

What you would ask me, that I would deny,

Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*!...

That came a wooing with you; and so many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly

Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much...

Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boon:

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your Gloves,

Or feed on nourishing Dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you, to do a peculiar Profit

To your own Person. Nay, when I have suit,

Wherein

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

55

Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,
It shall be full of Poize, and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: Farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee
straight.

Des. *Amelia*, come; be as your Fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit.

Oth. Excellent Wretch! Perdition catch my Soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Jago. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Jago*?

Jago. Did *Michael Cassio*,

When you woo'd my Lady, know of your Love?

Oth. He did, from first to last;

Why dost thou ask?

Jago. But for a Satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Jago*?

Jago. I did not think he had been acquainted with
it.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Jago. Indeed! ...

Oth. Indeed! Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought
of that?

Is he not honest?

Jago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? Ay, Honest?

Jago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Jago. Think, my Lord! ...

Oth. Think, my Lord! Alas, thou eccho'st me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought

Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
 I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that...
 When *Cassio* left my Wife. What did'st not like?
 And when I told thee, he was of my Counsel,
 Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, indeed?
 And didst contract and purse thy Brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy Brain
 Some horrible Conceit: If thou dost love me
 Shew me thy thought.

Jago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And for I know thou'rt full of Love and Honesty,
 And weigh'st thy Words before thou giv'st them
 Breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
 For such things, in a false disloyal Knave,
 Are tricks of Custom; but in a Man that's just,
 They're cold Dilations working from the Heart,
 That Passion cannot rule.

Jago. For *Michael Cassio*,
 I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Jago. Men should be what they seem,
 Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain, Men should be what they seem.

Jago. Why, then I think *Cassio*'s an honest Man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts,
 The worst of Words.

Jago. Good, my Lord, pardon me.
 Though I am bound to every Act of Duty,
 I am not bound to that, all Slaves are free to.
 Utter my Thoughts! ... Why say they are vild and
 false?

As, where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? Who has that Breast so pure,
 But

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep Leets, and Law days, and in Sessions sit
With Meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy Friend, *Jago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his Ear
A Stranger to thy thoughts.

Jago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my Guess,
As I confess it is my Nature's Plague
To spie into abuses, and of my Jealousie
Shapes Faults that are not, that your Wisdom,
From one that so imperfectly Conceits,
Would take no Notice, nor build your self a trouble
Out of his scattering, and unsure Observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty and Wisdom,
To let you know my Thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Jago. Good Name in Man and Woman, dear my
Lord,
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls;
Who steals my Purse steals trash, 'tis something, no-
thing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thou-
sands;
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy Thoughts...

Jago. You cannot, if my Heart were in your Hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my Custody.

Oth. Ha!

Jago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of Jealousie,
It is the green ey'd Monster, which doth mock
The Meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in Bliss,
Who, certain of his Fate, loves not his wronger:
But oh, what damned Minutes tells he o'er,

Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O Misery?

Jago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;

But Riches fineless, is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor;
Good Heav'n! the Souls of all my Tribe defend
From Jealousie.

Oth. Why? Why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a Life of Jealousie?
To follow still the Changes of the Moon,
With fresh Suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turn the Business of my Soul
To such exufflicate, and blown Surmises,
Matching thy inference: 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To say my Wife is Fair, feeds well, loves Company,
Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak Merits, will I draw
The smallest Fear, or doubt of her Revolt,
For she had Eyes, and chose me. No, *Jago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealousie.

Jago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the Love and Duty that I bear you
With franker Spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of Proof:
Look to your Wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Wear your Eyes, thus; not Jealous, nor Secure;
I would not have your free and noble Nature,
Out of Self bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our Country disposition well;
In *Venice*, they do let Heav'n see the Pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands, their best
Conscience,

Is

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Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Jago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Jago. Why, go to then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming
To seal her Father's Eyes up, close as Oak...
He thought 'twas Witchcraft...
But I am much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Jago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Jago. Trust me, I fear it has:
I hope you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my Love. But I do see you're mov'd...
I am to pray you, not to strain my Speech
To grosser Issues, nor to larger Reach,
Than to Suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Jago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My Speech should fall into such vild Success,
Which my Thoughts aim'd not at. *Cassio's* my
worthy Friend:

My Lord, I see you're mov'd...

Oth. No, not much mov'd...

I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Jago. Long live she so; and long live you to think
so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it self...

Jago. Ay, there's the point; ... as, to be bold
with you;

Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her own Clime, Complexion and Degree,
Whereto

Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends :
 Foh ! One may smell in such, a Will most rank,
 Foul Disproportions, Thoughts unnatural.
 But, pardon me, I do not in Position
 Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear
 Her Will, recoiling to her better Judgment,
 May fall to match you with her Country Forms,
 And happily repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell ;
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
 Set on thy Wife to observe. Leave me, *Jago.*

Jago. My Lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry ?
 This honest Creature, doubtless,
 Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Jago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your
 Honour

To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :
 Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place,
 For sure he fills it up with great Ability,
 Yet if you please to put him off a while,
 You shall by that perceive him, and his means.
 Note, if your Lady strain his Entertainment
 With any strong, or vehement importunity,
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busie in my fears,
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am,
 And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my Government.

Jago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all Quantities, with a learn'd Spirit,
 Of human dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
 Tho' that her Jesses were my dear Heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
 To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am black,
 And have not those soft parts of Conversation,

That

That Chamberers have ; or for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of Years, yet that's not much...
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
 Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage !
 That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
 And not their Appetites ! I had rather be a Toad,
 And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For others uses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base,
 'Tis destiny unshunnable like Death ;
 Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. Look where she comes !

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O then Heav'n mocks it self ;
 I'll not believ't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello* ?
 Your Dinner, and the generous Islanders,
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?
 Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my Forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away
 again.

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little ;

[*She drops her Handkerchief.*

Let it alone : Come, I'll go in with you. [*Exeunt.*

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well,

Emil. I am glad I have found this Napkin ;
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;
 My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the Token,

For

For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give't *Jago*; what he will do with it,
 Heav'n knows, not I:
 I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Jago.

Jago. How now? What do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Jago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing...

Emil. Hah?

Jago. To have a foolish Wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me
 now

For that same Handkerchief?

Jago. What Handkerchief?

Emil. What Handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Jago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No; but she let it drop by Negligence,
 And to th' Advantage, I being here, took't up:
 Look; here'tis.

Jago. A good Wench, give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, you have been so
 earnest to have me filch it?

Jago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give't me again. Poor Lady, she'll run mad,
 When she shall lack it.

Jago. Be not acknown on't:
 I have use for it. Go, leave me... [*Exit. Emil.*]
 I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this Napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as Air

Are

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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Are to the jealous, Confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my Poisons,
Dangerous Conceits are in their natures Poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
But with a little act upon the Blood,
Burn like the Mines of Sulphur. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! Not Poppy, nor Mandra-
gora,
Nor all the drowfie Syrups of the World,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! Ha ! False to me !

Iago. Why, how now, General ; no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone ; thou hast set me on the Rack ;
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord ?

Oth. What scent had I, in her stoln hours of Lust ?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next Night well, fed well, was free and
merry,

I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips ;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stoln,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil Mind. Farewel Content ;
Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
That make Ambition Virtue ! Oh farewell,
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trump,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Ear-piercing Fife,
The

The Royal Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War:
And O you mortal Engines, whose rude Throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Orbello's* Occupation's gone.

Jago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be sure of it: Give me the Ocular Proof,

Catching hold on him.

Or by the worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Jago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no Hinge, nor Loop,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy Life.

Jago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all Remorse
On horrors Head, horrors accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to Damnation add,
Greater than that.

Jago. O Grace! O Heav'n forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soul? Or Sense?
God be wi' you: Take mine Office. Oh wretched
Fool,

That lov'st to make thine Honesty a Vice!
Oh monstrous World! Take note, take note, O
World,

To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this Profit, and from hence
I'll love no Friend, sith Love breeds such Offence,

Oth. Nay stay... thou shouldst be honest...

Jago. I should be wise, for honesty's a Fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the World.

I think my Wife is honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
 I'll have some proof. My Name that was as fresh
 As *Dian's* Visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,
 Poison, or Fire, or suffocating Streams,
 I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Jago. I see you are eaten up with Passion:
 I do repent me that I put it to you;
 You would be satisfied?

Orb. Would, nay, and I will.

Jago. And may; but how? How satisfied, my
 Lord?

Would you the super-vision grossly gape on?
 Behold her topp'd?

Orb. Death, and Damnation! Oh!

Jago. It were a tedious difficulty I think,
 To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then;
 If ever mortal Eyes do see them bolster
 More than their own. What then? How then?
 What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkeys,
 As salt as Wolves in pride, and Fools as gross
 As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If Imputation and strong Circumstances,
 Which lead directly to the door of Truth,
 Will give you Satisfaction, you might have't.

Orb. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Jago. I do not like the Office;
 But sith I am entred in this Cause so far,
 Prick'd to't by foolish Honesty and Love,
 I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
 And being troubled with a raging Tooth,
 I could not sleep. There are a kind of Men,
 So loose of Soul, that in their Sleeps will mutter
 Their own Affairs; one of this kind is *Cassio*:

In sleep I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
 Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
 And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my Hand,
 Cry... oh sweet Creature... then kifs me hard,
 As if he pluckt up Kiffes by the Roots,
 That grew upon my Lips, lay his Leg o'er my Thigh,
 And sigh and kifs, and then cry cursed Fate,
 That gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. O monstrous! Monstrous!

Jago. Nay this was but his Dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore gone Conclusion,
 'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a Dream.

Jago. And this may help to thicken other Proofs,
 That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Jago. Nay yet be wise, yet we see nothing done;
 She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
 Have you not sometimes seen a Handkerchief
 Spotted with Strawberries, in your Wife's Hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first Gift.

Jago. I know not that; but such a Handkerchief,
 I am sure it was your Wife's, did I to Day
 See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that...

Jago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
 It speaks against her with the other Proofs.

Oth. O that the Slave had forty thousand Lives!
 One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
 Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, *Jago*,
 All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n. 'Tis
 gone;

Arise black Vengeance from the hollow Hell,
 Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne
 To tyrannous Hate. Swell Bosom with thy fraught,
 For 'tis of Aspicks Tongues.

Jago. Yet be content.

Oth. O Blood, Blood, Blood...

Jago.

Jago. Patience I say ; your Mind may change.

Oth. Never, *Jago.* Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose Icy Current, and compulsive Course,
Ne'er feels retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellefont*:
Even so my bloody Thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,
'Till that a capable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble Heav'n,
In the due reverence of a sacred Vow, [*He kneels.*
Here engage my Words...

Jago. Do not rise yet: [*Jago kneels.*
Witness your ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here *Jago* doth give up
The Execution of his Wit, Hands, Heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody Business ever.

Oth. I greet thy Love,
Not with vain Thanks, but with acceptance bounteous
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three Days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Jago. My Friend is dead:

'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her lewd Minx ! O damn her, damn
her !

Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of Death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Jago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lyes?

Jago. E 2 *Clown.*

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why Man?

Clown. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a Lodging, and say he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own Throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? And be edified by report?

Clown. I will Catechize the World for him, that is, make Questions, and by them Answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the Compass of Man's Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit. Clown.*]

Des. Where should I lose the Handkerchief, *Emilia*?

Emil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness, As jealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not Jealous?

Des. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born Drew all such Humours from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Enter

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Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardness to
dissemble ! How do you , *Desdemona* ?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your Hand ; this Hand is moist ,
my Lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no Age, nor known no Sorrow.

Oth. This argues Fruitfulness, and liberal Heart ;
Hot, hot, and moist. . . this hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty ; Fasting, and Prayer ,
Much Castigation, Exercise devout ,
For here's a young and sweating Devil here ,
That commonly rebels : 'Tis a good Hand ,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that Hand that gave away my Heart.

Oth. A liberal Hand. The hearts of old , gave
hands ;

But our new Heraldry is Hands, not Hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this ; come , now your
Promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy Handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you ?

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ? . . .

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That Handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my Mother give ;
She was a Charmer, and could almost read,
The Thoughts of People. She told her, while she
kept it ,

E 3

'Twould

'Twould make her amiable, subdue my Father
Intirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a Gift of it, my Father's Eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my Fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;
Make it a Darling, like your precious Eye;
To loos't, or give't away, were such Perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Orb. 'Tis true; there's Magick in the Web of it;
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the World
The Sun to course two hundred Compasses,
In her prophetick Fury sow'd the work:
The Worms were hallowed, that did breed the Silk,
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of Maidens Hearts.

Des. Indeed! Is't true?

Orb. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to Heav'n, that I had never
seen't.

Orb. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

Orb. Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is't out o'th'
way?

Des. Bless us!

Orb. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what and if it were?

Orb. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Orb. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can, Sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my Suit,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Orb. Fetch me the Handkerchief... my mind mis-
gives...

Des.

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Des. Come, come; you'll never meet a more sufficient Man.

Oth. The Handkerchief...

Des. A Man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your Love;
Shar'd Dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchief...

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away.

[*Exit, Othello.*]

Emil. Is not this Man jealous?

Des. I never saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this Handkerchief,
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a Year or two shews us a Man:
They are all but Stomachs, and we all but Food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.

Enter Jago, and Cassio.

Look you, *Cassio*, and my Husband.

Jago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;
And to the happiness; go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the News
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former Suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a Member of his Love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my Heart
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my Offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my Service past, nor present Sorrows,
Nor purpos'd Merit in Futurity,
Can ransom me into his Love again;
But to know so, must be my Benefit;
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other Course,

To Fortunes Alms.

Des. Alas ! Thrice gentle *Cassio* ,
My Advocation is not now in tune ;
My Lord , is not my Lord ; nor should I know him ,
Were he in Favour , as in Humour alter'd .
So help me every Spirit sanctified ,
As I have spoken for you all my best ,
And stood within the blank of his Displeasure ,
For my free Speech . You must a while be patient ;
What I can do , I will ; and more I will
Than for my self I dare . Let that suffice you .

Jago. Is my Lord angry ?

Æmil. He went hence but now ;
And certainly in strange unquietness .

Jago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the Canon ,
When it hath blown his Ranks into the Air ,
And like the Devil from his very Arm
Pufft his own Brother ; and is he angry ?
Something of Moment then ; I will go meet him ,
There's matter in't indeed , if he be angry . [*Exit.*]

Des. I prethee do so . Something sure of State ,
Either from *Venice* , or some unhatch'd Practice ,
Made demonstrable here in *Cyprus* , to him ,
Hath puddled his clear Spirit ; and in such Cases ,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferior things ,
Tho' great ones are their Object . 'Tis even so .
For let our Finger ake , and it endues
Our other healthful Members , even to a Sense
Of pain . Nay , we must think Men are not Gods ,
Nor of them look for such Observance always ,
As fits the bridal . Beshrew me much , *Æmilias* ,
I was , unhandsome Warrior as I am ,
Arraigning his unkindness with my Soul ;
But now I find , I had suborn'd the Witness ,
And he's indited falsely .

Æmil. Pray Heav'n it be
State matters , as you think , and no Conception ,
Nor

Nor jealous Toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day, I never gave him Cause.

Æmil. But jealous Souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the Cause,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep the Monster from *Othello's*
mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you, Friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?

Indeed, sweet Love, I was coming to your House.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*.
What? keep a Week away? Seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight Hours? And Loves absent Hours
More tedious than the Dial, eightscore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest;

But I shall in a more continue time

Strike off this Score of Absence. Sweet *Bianca*,

[Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.

Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some Token from a newer Friend;

To the felt absence, now I feel a Cause:

Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, Woman;

Throw your vild guesses in the Devil's Teeth,

E 5

From

From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some Mistress, some remembrance;
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my Chamber;
I like the work well; e'er it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I would have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no Addition, nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T I V.

S C E N E I.

SCENE A Room of State.

Enter Othello, and Jago.

Jago.

Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, *Jago*?

Jago.

Jago. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss?

Jago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An Hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Jago*, and not mean harm?
It is Hypocrisie against the Devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
Heav'n.

Jago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my Wife a Handkerchief...

Oth. What then?

Jago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and being
hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any Man.

Oth. She is Protectress of her Honour too;
May she give that?

Jago. Her Honour is an Essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief...

Oth. By Heav'n I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou saidst, Oh, it comes o'er my Memory,
As doth the Raven o'er the infectious House,
Boarding to all, he had my Handkerchief.

Jago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Jago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say, as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary Dotage of some Mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Jago. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Jago.

Jago. Why, that he did... I know not what he did...

Oth. What? what?

Jago. Lye...

Oth. With her?

Jago. With her? on her... what you will...

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! we say, lye on her, when they be lye her. Lye with her! that's fulsom: Handkerchief... Confessions... Handkerchief... to confess, and be hang'd for his Labour... First, to be hang'd, and then to Confess... I tremble at it... Nature would not invest her self in such shadowing Passion, without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus... pish... Noses, Ears and Lips... is't possible!... Confess!... Handkerchief!... O Devil... [*Falls in a Trance.*]

Jago. Work on,
My Medicine works; thus credulous Fools are caught;
And many worthy, and chaste Dames even thus,
All guileless meet reproach; what hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I say, *Othello*.

Enter Cassio.

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter!

Jago. My Lord is fain into an Epilepsie,
This is the second Fit; he had one Yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Jago. The Lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at Mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness; look, he stirs;
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*]
How is it, General? Have you not hurt your Head.

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Jago.

Jago. I mock you not, by Heav'n;
Would you would bear your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A horned Man's a Monster and a Beast.

Jago. There's many a Beast then in a populous
City,

And many a civil Monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Jago. Good Sir, be a Man:

Think every bearded Fellow that's but yōak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,
That nightly lye in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your cause is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of Hell, the Fiends Arch mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch;
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Jago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient List.
Whil'st you were here, o'erwhelmed with your Grief
(A Passion most resulting such a Man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'Scuses on your Ecstasie,
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,
And mark the Fleers, the Gybes and notable Scorns;
That dwell in every Region of his Face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your Wife.
I say, but mark his Gesture. Marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all Spleen,
And nothing of a Man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Jago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Jago. That's not amiss;

But

Jago.

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buys her self Bread and Cloth. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, as 'tis the Strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain
From the excess of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish Jealousie must construe,
Poor *Cassio*'s Smiles, Gestures and light Behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you gave me the Addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Sure lay in *Bianca*'s Dower,

[*Speaking lower.*]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor Caitiff.

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew a Woman love Man so.

Cas. Alas, poor Rogue, I think indeed she loves
me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, *Roman*? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry! ... What? a Customer; prithee
bear

Some

Some Charity to my Wit, do not think it
So unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so: They laugh that win.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry
her.

Cas. Prithee say true?

Iago. I am a very Villain else.

Oth. Have you scoar'd me? well.

Cas. This is the Monkey's own giving out:
She is perswaded I will marry her,
Out of her own Love and Flattery, not out of my
promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me: Now he begins the Story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in
every place. I was the other Day talking on the Sea
Bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the
Bauble, and falls me thus about my Neck...

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Cassio*, as it were: His
gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me,
So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha...

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my
Chamber: Oh, I see that Nose of yours, but not
that Dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her Company.

Iago. Before me; look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew! marry, a per-
fum'd one: What do you mean by this haunting of
me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Damn haunt you;
what did you mean by that same Handkerchief you
gave me even now? I was a fine Fool to take it: I
must take out the work? A likely piece of work,
that you should find it in your Chamber, and know
not

not who left it there. This is some Minxe's token ; and I must take out the work ? There , give it your Hobbey-Horse : Wheresoever you had it , I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now , my sweet *Bianca* ?
How now ? How now ?

Oth. By Heav'n , that should be my Handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to Supper to night , you may ; if you will not , come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Jago. After her , after her.

Cas. I must , she'll rail in the Streets else.

Jago. Will you Sup there ?

Cas. Yes , I intend so.

Jago. Well , I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee , come , will you ?

Jago. Go to , say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. How shall I murther him , *Jago* ?

Jago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his Vice ?

Oth. Oh , *Jago* !...

Jago. And did you see the Handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Jago. Yours by this Hand : And to see how he prizes the foolish Woman your Wife... She gave it him , and he hath given it his Whore.

Oth. I would have him nine Years a killing :

A fine Woman ! A fair Woman ! A sweet Woman !...

Jago. Nay , you must forget that.

Oth. Ay , let her rot and perish , and be damn'd to night , for she shall not live. No , my Heart is turn'd to Stone : I strike it , and it hurts my Hand. Oh , the World hath not a sweeter Creature... She might lye by an Emperor's side , and command him Tasks.

Jago. Nay , that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her , I do but say what she is... so delicate

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cate with her Needle... An admirable Musician. Oh, she will sing the Savageness out of a Bear : Of so high a plenteous Wit, and Invention !...

Jago. She's the worfe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times :
And then of so gentle a Condition !...

Jago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Jago*... Oh, *Jago*, the pity of it, *Jago*...

Jago. If you are so fond over her Iniquity : Give her patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near no Body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes : Cuckold me !

Jago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer !

Jago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some Poison, *Jago*, this Night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her Body and her Beauty unprovide my Mind again : This Night, *Jago*.

Jago. Do it not with Poison, strangle her in her Bed.

Even the Bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good :

The Justice of it pleases; very good.

Jago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker :
You shall hear more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good... what Trumper is that same ?

Jago. I warrant something from *Venice*.

'Tis *Lodovico*, this comes from the Duke.

See, your Wife's with him.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my Heart, Sir.

F

Lod.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of *Venice* greet you. *Gives him a Letter.*

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their Pleasures.

Des. And what's the News, good Cousin *Lodovico*?

Jago. I am very glad to see you, Signior.
Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Jago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fain between him and my Lord

An unkind Breach: But you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will...

Lod. He did not call; he's busie in the Paper,
Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T'atone them, for the Love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone!

Des. My Lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in
Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very Much,
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth.

Oth. Oh Devil, Devil!

If that the Earth could teem with Woman's Tears,
Each Drop she falls would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my Sight...

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay! You did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep.
And she's Obedient: As you say Obedient.
Very Obedient... proceed you in your Tears...
Concerning this, Sir... oh well painted Passion!...
I am commanded Home... get you away!
I'll send for you anon... Sir, I obey the Mandate.
And will return to Venice... Hence, avant!...

[Exit Des.

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may Sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus...

Goats and Monkies!

[Exit.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moor, whom our full Senate

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid Virtue
The Shot of Accident, nor Dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Jago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his Wits safe? Is he not of light Brain?

Jago. He's that he is; I may not breath my Censure.
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to Heav'n he were.

Lod. What, strike his Wife!

Jago. 'Faith that was not so well; yet would I
knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the Letters work upon his Blood,
And new create his Fault?

Jago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own Courses will denote him so,
That I may spare my Speech; do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E I I.

An Apartment.

Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Othello.

YOU have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and she together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each Syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? Did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask,
nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil.

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Æmil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my Soul at Stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your Bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your Head,
Let Heav'n requite it with the Serpent's Curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no Man happy, the purest of their Wives,
Is foul as Slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit. Æmilia.*
She says enough; yet she's a simple Bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore,
A Closset-lock and Key of villanous Secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your Will?

Oth. Pray you, Chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your Pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your Eyes; look in my Face.

Des. What horrible Fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your Function, Mistress,
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the Door,
Cough, or cry hem, if anybody come,
Your Mystery, your Mystery; nay dispatch.

[*Exit Æmilia.*

Des. Upon my Knee, what doth your Speech im-
port?

I understand a Fury in your Words.

Oth. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your Wife, my Lord; your true and loyal
Wife.

Oth. Come swear it; damn thy self, being like
one

Of Heav'n, the Devils themselves should fear to
seize thee.

Therefore be double damn'd; swear thou art honest.

F 3

Des.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as Hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemon*, away, away, away...

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the Motive of these Tears, my Lord?
If happily you my Father do suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your Blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heav'n,
To try me with Affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of Sores, and shames on my bare Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Given to Captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my Soul
A drop of Patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed Figure for the hand of Scorn
To point his slow and moving Finger at...
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no Life,
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence;...
Or keep it as a Cistern, for foul Toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy Complexion there;
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd Cherubin,
I here look Grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me Honest?

Oth. Oay, as Summer-Flies are in the Shambles;
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou Weed!
Who art so lovely, fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the Sense asks at thee;
Would thou'dst never been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant Sin have I committed?

Oth.

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Oth. Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book,
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,
Committed? Oh, thou publick Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cynders burn up Modesty,
Did but I speak thy Deeds. What, committed?
Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks;
The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth
And will not hear't. What, committed?

Des. By Heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this Vessel for my Lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be, not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry you Mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You, Mistress,

Enter Emilia.

That have the Office opposite to Saint Peter
And keep the Gate of Hell. You, you! Ay you!
We have done our course, there's Mony for your
Pains;

I pray you, turn the Key, and keep our Counsel.

[*Exit.*]

Emil. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam? How do you, my good
Lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my
Lord?

F 4

Des.

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none. do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep; nor answers have I none,
But what should go by Water. Prethee to night,
Lay on my Bed my wedding Sheets, remember,
And call thy Husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed. [Exit;

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The smallest Opinion on my least misfute?

Enter Jago, and Æmilia.

Jago. What is your Pleasure, Madam?
How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do reach your Babes,
Do it with gentle Means, and easie Tasks;
He might have chid me so; For in good Faith,
I am a Child to chiding.

Jago. What's the Matter, Lady?

Emil. Alas, *Jago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd
her,

Thrown such despight, and heavy Terms upon her,
That true Hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that Name, *Jago*?

Jago. What Name, fair Lady?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her Whore; a Beggar, in his
drink,

Could not have laid such Terms upon his Caller.

Jago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Jago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the Day!

Emil. Hath she forfok so many noble Matches?

Her

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Her Father ? And her Country ? And her Friends ?
To be call'd Whore ? Would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Jago. Beshrew him for't ; how comes this trick
upon him ?

Des. Nay , Heav'n doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd if some eternal Villain ,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue ,
Some cogging , cozening Slave , to get some Office ,
Has not devis'd this slander ; I will be hang'd else.

Jago. Fie , there is no such Man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be , Heav'n pardon him.

Emil. A Halter pardon him , and Hell gnaw his
Bones.

Why should he call her Whore ? Who keeps her Com-
pany ?

What Place ? what Time ? what Form ? what Likely-
hood ?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous Knave ,
Some base notorious Knave , some scurvy Fellow.
Oh Heav'ns , that such Companions thoud'ft unfold ,
And put in every honest Hand a Whip ,
To lash the Rascal naked through the World ,
Even from the East to th' West.

Jago. Speak within Door.

Emil. Oh fie upon them ! Some such 'Squire he
was

That turn'd your Wit , the seamy side without ,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Jago. You are a Fool ; go to.

Des. Alas , *Jago* ,

What shall I do to win my Lord again ?

Good Friend , go to him ; for by this light of Heav'n ,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel ; [*Kneeling.*

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his Love ,
Either in Discourse of thought , or actual deed ,
Or that mine Eyes , mine Ears , or any Sense

Delighted them on any other Form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will, though he do shake me off
 To beggarly Divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
 And his Unkindness may defeat my Life,
 But never taint my Love. I cannot say Whore,
 It do's abhor me now I speak the Word,
 To do the Act, that might the Addition earn,
 Not the World's Mass of Vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his Humour;
 The Business of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

Hark how these Instruments summon to supper;

[*Trumpets.*]

The Messenger of *Venice* stays the Meat;

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*]

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find
 That thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost't me with some device,
Iago, and rather as it seems to me now, keep'st
 from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the
 least Advantage of hope; I will indeed no longer en-
 dure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in Peace,
 what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and
 performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but Truth; I have wasted my
 self

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self out of my means. The Jewels you have had from me to deliver *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist, you have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect, and acquaintance, but I find none.

Jago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, Man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is Scurvy; and begin to find my self fob'd in it.

Jago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well; I will make my self known to *Desdemona*. If she will return me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful Solicitation. If not, assure your self, I will seek Satisfaction of you.

Jago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Jago. Why, now, I see there's Mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better Opinion than ever before; give me thy Hand, *Rodorigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most just Exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Jago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your Suspicion is not without Wit and Judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater raison to believe now than ever (I mean, Purpose, Courage, and Valour) this Night shew it. If thou the next Night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this World with Treachery, and devise Engines for my Life.

Rod. Well; what is it? Is it within reason and compass?

Jago. Sir, there is especial Commission come from

from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true ? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Jago. Oh no ; he goes into *Mauritania* , and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona* , unless his abode be lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate , as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him ?

Jago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place ; knocking out his Brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Jago. Ay , if you dare do your self a profit , and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry ; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable Fortune , if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your Pleasure. I will be near to second your Attempt , and he shall fall between us. Come , stand not amaz'd at it , but go along with me ; I will shew you such a necessity in his Death , that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time ; and the Night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this ,

Jago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello , Lodovico , Desdemona , Emilia , and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you , Sir , trouble your self no further.

Oth. Oh pardon ; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam , good night ; I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk , Sir : Oh *Desdemona* !

Des.

Des. My Lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your Attendant there; look't be done. [Exit.

Des. I will, my Lord.

Emil. How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent, And hath commanded me to go bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore good *Emilia*, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu. We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his Stubborness, his Checks, his Frowns, (Prethee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those Sheets you bad me on the Bed.

Des. All's one; good Father! How foolish are our Minds?

If I do die before thee, prethee shroud me In one of these same Sheets.

Emil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*, She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her Fortune, And she dy'd singing it. That Song to Night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my Head all at one side And sing it like poor *Barbara*; prethee dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here; This *Lodovico* is a proper Man.

Emil. A very handsom Man.

Des.

Def. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether Lip.

Def. The poor Soul sat Singing, by a *Sycamore Tree*.
[Singing.]

Sing all a green Willow :

Her Hand on her Bosom, her Head on her Knee,

Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing Willow, &c.

Her salt Tears fell from her, and softned the Stones;
Sing Willow, &c.

Willow, Willow. (*Prithee high thee, he'll come anon Lay by these*

Sing all a green Willow must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay that's not next. . . Hark who is't that knocks ?

Æmil. It's the Wind.

Def. I call'd my Love false Love ; but what said he then ?

Sing Willow, &c.

If I court more Women, you'll couch with more Men.

So get thee gone, good night; mine Eyes do itch, Doth that boad weeping ?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I have heard it said so; O these men, these men !

Dost thou in Conscience think, tell me Æmil.

That there be Women do abuse their Husbands.

In such grosse kind ?

Æmil. There be some such, no Question.

Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. Why, would not you ?

Def.

Def.
Æm.
I might
Def.

Æm.
It is a g
Def.
Æm.
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bition.
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Or sca
Why
Yet ha
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When
I thin

Des. No, by this Heav'nly Light. :

Emil. Nor I neither, by this Heav'nly Light,
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The World's a huge thing;
It is a great price, for a small Vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Emil. In troth I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint Ring, nor for Measures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty Exhibition. But for all the whole Word; why, who would not make her Husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole World.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' World; and having the World for your Labour, 'tis a wrong in your own World, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such Woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would store the World they plaid for. But I do think it is their Husbands faults
If Wives do fall : Say, that they slack their Duties;
And pour our Treasures into foreign Laps,
Or else break out in peevish Jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight;
Why we have Galls; and though we have some Grace,
Yet have we some Revenge. Let Husbands know,
Their Wives have Sense like them; they see and smell.
And have their Palats both for sweet and sower,
As Husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; and doth Affection breed it?

I think it doth : Is't frailty that thus errs ?
 It is so too. And have not we Affections ?
 Desires for sport ? And frailty as Men have ?
 Then let them use us well ; else let them know ,
 The ills we do , their ills instruct us too.

Des. Good night, good night; Heav'n me such
 uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Jago and Rodorigo.

Jago.

Here, stand behind this Bulk, Straight will he
 come:

Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home;
 Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy Elbow,
 It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,
 And fix most firm thy Resolution.

Rod. Be near at Hand, I may miscarry in't.

Jago. Here, at thy hand; behold, and take thy
 stand.

Rod. I have no great Devotion to the Deed,
 And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons;
 'Tis but a Man gone. Forth my Sword; he dies.

Jago.

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Jago. I have rub'd this young Quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my Gain. Lives *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be. If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily Beauty in his Life,
That makes me ugly: and besides the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much Peril.
No, he must die. But so, I hear him coming.

[*Exit. Jago.*]

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his Gate, 'tis he: Villain thou dyest.

[*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine Enemy indeed,
But that my Coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slain. [*Fight, and both fall.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever;
Help ho! Murther, murther!

Enter Othello, above at a Window.

Oth. The Voice of *Cassio*, *Jago* keeps his word.

Rod. O Villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh help ho! Light! A Surgeon!...

Oth. 'Tis he! O brave *Jago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy Friend's Wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your Dear lies dead,
And your unblest Fate highes. Strumpet I come:

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For

For off my Heart, those Charms thine Eyes, are
blotted.

Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lust's blood be
spotted. [Exit. Othello.

Enter Lodovico, and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho! No Watch? No Passage? Murther,
Murther!

Gra. 'Tis some Mischance, the Voice is very dire-
ful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched Villain!

Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy Night;
These may be Counterfeits: Let's think't unsafe
To come into the Cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come: Then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Jago, in his Shirt.

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his Shirt, with Light,
and Weapons.

Jago. Who's there?

Whose Noise is this that cries out Murther?

Lod. We do not know.

Jago. Do not you hear a Cry?

Cas. Here, here: For Heav'n sake help me.

Jago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant Fellow.

Jago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Jago*? Oh I am spoil'd; undone by Villains;
Give me some Help.

Jago. O me, Lieutenant!

What Villains have done this?

Cas.

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Jago. Oh treacherous Villains!

What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

Rod. O help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Jago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villain!

[*Jago stabs him.*]

Rod. O damn'd *Jago*! O inhuman Dog!

Jago. Kill Men i'th' dark? Where be these bloody
Thieves?

How silent is this Town? Ho, Murther! Murther!

What may you be? Are you of Good or Evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Jago. Signior *Lodovico*?

Lod. He, Sir.

Jago. I cry you mercy! here's *Cassio* hurt by Vil-
lains.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Jago. How is't, Brother?

Cas. My Leg is cut in two.

Jago. Marry Heav'n forbid:

Light Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my Shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the Matter ho? Who is't that cry'd?

Jago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Jago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

Jago. Lend me a Garter. So... Oh for a Chair
To bear him easily hence.

G 2

Bian.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Jago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Traith
To be a Party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*, come, come;
Lend me a Light: Know we this Face, or no?

Alas, my Friend, and my dear Country-man
Rodorigo! No: Yes sure: Yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*:

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Jago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? Ah!

Jago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle Pardon:
These bloody Accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Jago. How do you, *Cassio*? Oh a Chair, a Chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Jago. He, he, 'tis he: Oh that's well said, the
Chair.

Some good Man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's Surgeon. For you, Mistress,
Save you your Labour. He that lyes slain here, *Cassio*,
Was my dear Friend. What Malice was between you?

Cas. None in the World; nor do I know the Man.

Jago. What look you pale? Oh bear him out o'th'
Air.

Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale, Mistress?
Do you perceive the Ghostness of her Eye? [*To Bianca.*
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you see, Gentlemen? Nay, Guiltiness will
speak,
Though Tongues were out of use.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the Matter?
What is the Matter, Husband?

Jago

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Jago. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the Dark
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Emil. Alas, good Gentleman! Alas, good
Cassio!

Jago. That is the fruits of whoring. Prithee *Emilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to night.

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He sapt at my House, but I therefore shake
not:

Jago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Oh fie upon thee, Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of Life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? Fie upon thee.

Jago. Kind Gentlemen: Let's go see poor *Cassio*
drest,

Come Mistress, you must tell's another Tale.

Emilia, run you to the Cittadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the Night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is
discover'd asleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello.

Othello.

IT is the Cause, it is the Cause, my Soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars,
It is the Cause. Yet I'll not shed her Blood,

G 3

Nor

Nor scar that whiter Skin of hers than Snow,
 And smooth as Monumental Alabaster :
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more Men :
 Put out the Light, and then put out the Light,
 If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
 I can again thy former Light restore,
 Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
 Thou cunning'st Pattern of excelling Nature,
 I know not where is that *Promethean* Heat
 That can thy Light re-lume.
 When I have pluck'd thy Rose,
 I cannot give it vital Growth again,
 It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the Tree;

[*Kissing her.*]

Obalmy Breath, that dost almost perswade
 Justice to break her Sword. One more, one more;
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.
 So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel Tears : This Sorrow's heav'nly
 It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there, *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to Bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to Night, *Desdemona*?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your self of any Crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to Heav'n, and Grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,

What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
 I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
 No, Heav'n's fore-fend, I would not kill thy Soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then Heav'n have Mercy on me.

Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my Heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me?

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you : For you're fatal then,
When your Eyes rowl so.

Why I should fear I know not,

Since Guiltinefs I know not : But yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy Sins.

Des. They are Loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ft.

Des. That Death's unnatural, that kills for Loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your Nether-lip?

Some bloody Passion shakes your very Frame;

These are Portents : But yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so : What's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ft *Cassio*.

Des. No by my Life and Soul : Send for the Man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy Death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy Sin :

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak the strong Conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh Heav'n have Mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you Mercy too; I never did
Offend you in my Life; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warranty of Heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By Heav'n I saw my Handkerchief in's Hand.

Operjur'd Woman ! Thou dost stone my Heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confess a Truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my Lord ?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How ? Unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his Mouth is stopp'd;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en Order for't.

Des. Oh, my fear interprets. What is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his Hairs been Lives, my great Re-
venge

Had Stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out Strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my
face ?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But half an Hour...

Oth. Being done, there is no Pause.

Des. But while I say one Prayer...

Oth. It is too late. [*Smother's her.*

Æmilia at the Door.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord ! What hoa !
My Lord, my Lord !

Oth. What Noise is this ? Not dead ? Not yet quite
dead ?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy Pain.
So, so.

Emil. within.] What ho! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*... by and by... she's dead,
'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* Death;
The noise was high. Hah, no more moving?
Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? were't good?
I think she stirs again... No... what's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my Wife?
My Wife! my Wife! what Wife? I have no Wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heavy Hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sun and Moon, and that the affrighted Globe
Did yawn at Alteration...

Emil. I do beseech you
That I may speak with you. Oh, good my Lord!...

Oth. I had forgot thee; Oh come in, *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw,
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Emil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul
Murthers done.

Oth. What? Now?

Emil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon,
She comes more nearer Earth than she was wont,
And makes Men mad,

Emil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? And *Cassio* kill'd?

Emil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Nor *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Emil. Out, and alas, that was my Lady's Voice,
Help! help ho! help! Oh Lady speak again,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless Death I die.

Emil. Oh who hath done this Deed?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh farewell. [*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be Murder'd?

Emil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You hear her say her self, it was not I.

Emil. She said so, I must needs report the Truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning Hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. Oh the more Angel she, and you the blacker
Devil.

Oth. She turn'd to Folly, and she was a Whore.

Emil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a Devil.

Oth. She was false as Water.

Emil. Thou art rash as Fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her; ask thy Husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in Hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this Extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Emil. My Husband!

Oth. Thy Husband.

Emil. That she was false to Wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: Had she been true,
If Heav'n would make me such another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My Husband?

Oth.

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Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest Man he is, and hates the Slime
That sticks on filthy Deeds.

Emil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this Iterance, Woman?
I say thy Husband.

Emil. Oh Mistrefs! Villany has made mocks
with Love:

My Husband says she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;
I say thy Husband; do'st understand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband, honest, honest *Jago*.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soul
Rot half a grain a Day; he lies to th' Heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargain.

Oth. Hah?

Emil. Do thy worst:
This Deed of thine is no more worthy Heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that Power to dome
harm

As I have to be hurt. Oh Gull! oh Dolt!
As ignorant as Dirt; thou hast done a deed...
I care not for thy Sword, I'll make thee known,
Thought I lost twenty Lives... Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my Mistrefs. Murther, murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Jago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, General?

Emil. Oh, are you come, *Jago*? You have done
well,

That Men must lay their Murthers on your Neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this Villain, if thou be'st a Man,
He says thou toldst him that his Wife was false:

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a Villain.
Speak, for my Heart is full.

Jago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Jago. I did.

Emil. You told a Lie, an odious damned Lie:
Upon my Soul a Lie; a wicked Lie.
She false with *Cassio*? did you say with *Cassio*?

Jago. With *Cassio*, Mistress, go to, charm your
Tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my Tongue; I am bound
to speak,
My Mistress here lies murdered in her Bed.

All. Oh Heav'ns forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the Murder on.

Orb. Nay, stare not, Masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous Act.

Emil. Villany! villany! villany!

I think upon't ... I think ... I smell't ... O villany!
I thought so then: I'll kill my self for Grief,
O Villany, Villany!

Jago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get
you home.

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Jago*, I will ne'er go home.

Orb. Oh! oh! oh!

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest Innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Orb. Oh she was foul!

I scarce did know you, Uncle; there lyes your Niece,
Whose Breath indeed, these Hands have newly stop'd;
I know this Act shews horrible and grim.

Gra.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure Grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better Angel from his side,
And fall to Reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful, but yet *Jago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the act of Shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous Works,
With that Recognizance and Pledge of Love,
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his Hand;
It was a Handkerchief, an antick Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heav'n! Oh heav'nly Powers!

Jago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out ... I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the North,
Let Heav'n, and Men, and Devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Jago. Be wise and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [*Jago offers to stab his Wife.*]

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a Woman?

Emil. Oh, thou dull Moor,
That Handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by Fortnne, and did give my Husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a Trifle,
He begg'd of me, to steal it.

Jago. Villanous Whore!

Emil. She give it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did give't my Husband.

Jago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By Heav'n I do not, I do not, Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcomb, what should such a Fool
Do with so good a Wife? [*Jago breaks through and*

wounds his Wife, then runs out.

Oth.

Oth. Are there no stones in Heav'n,
But what serve for the Thunder? precious Villain!

Gra. The Woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his
Wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; Oh lay me by Mistress's side.

Gra. He's gone, but his Wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain; take you this Wea-
pon,

Which I have recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the Door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same Villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave. [Exit.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every Puny whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honour out live Honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy Song boad, Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan;
And die in Musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow...*
Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
So come my Soul to Bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia Dies.

Oth. I have another Weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of *Spain*, the Ice brooks temper;
Oh here it is: Uncle; I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no Weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold I have a Weapon:
A better never did it self sustain
Upon a Soldier's Thigh. I have seen the Day,
That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain Boast!
Who can controul his Fate? 'Tis not so now.

Be

THE MOOR OF VENICE. III

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my Journey's end, here is my Butt,
And very Sea-mark of my utmost Sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost Fear:
Man but a rush against *Othello's* Breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now... how dost thou look now? Oh ill-star'd
Wench!

Pale as thy Smock! When we shall meet at Compt,
This look of thine will hurl my Soul from Heav'n,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?
Even like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the Possession of this heav'nly sight;
Blow me about in Winds, and roast me in Sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down Gulfs of liquid Fire...
Oh *Desdemona*! Dead, *Desdemona*! Dead, dead!
Oh, oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano,
and Jago Prisoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate
Man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: Here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper? Bring the Villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his Feet; but that's a
Fable,

If that thou beest a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Jago.*]

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Jago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'd have thee live;
For in my Sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Faln in the Practice of a cursed Slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth.

Oth. Why any thing;
An Honourable Murthrer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* Death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you Cause,

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your Pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that Demy-Devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soul and Body?

Jago. Demand me nothing, what you know, you
know:

From this time forth, I ne'er will speak word.

Lod. What? Not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your Lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir you shall understand what hath befalln,
Which as I think, you know not; here is a Letter,
Found in the Pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And here another; the one of them imports
The Death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross.

Lod. Now, here's another discontented Paper
Found in his Pocket too; and this it seems.
Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned Villain;
But that belike *Jago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious Caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that Handkerchief
That was my Wife's?

Cas. I found it in my Chamber;
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O Fool, Fool, Fool!

Cas. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he upbraids *Jago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even but now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Jago* hurt him,
Jago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your Power and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.

Orb. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some Service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky Deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in Malice.

Then must you speak,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily Jealous, but being wrought;
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whose Hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a Pearl away
Richer than all his Tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
Eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop Tears as fast as the *Arabian* Trees
Their Medicinal Gum. Set you down this.

And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turband-Turk
Bate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' Throat the Circumcised Dog,
And smote him, thus.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. Oh bloody Period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

H

Orb.

Oth. I kist thee, 'er I kill'd thee : No way but
this,

Killing my self, to die upon a Kifs. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no Wea-
pon ;

For he was great of Heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* Dog !

More fell than Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea,

Look on the Tragick Loading of this Bed ;

This is thy work ; the Object poisons fight,

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the House,

And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you. To you, Lord Governor,

Remains the Censure of this hellish Villain :

The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it.

My self will straight aboard, and to the State,

This heavy Act, with heavy Heart, relate.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S ;



